

# AN ELEGY

On the Death of the Reverend and Pious

Mr. Thomas Wadsworth,

Sometime Preacher of the Gospel in *Newington-Butts*, and late of *London*, who departed this Life the 29th of *October*, 1676.



READER, prepare thine eye, for here's  
a sight

Can nothing less than floods of Tears  
invite ;

Deep Waters come the stillest ; and  
the grief

That's greatest, court the Eyes to give relief.  
Come here you *Stoicks*, let your Marble-eyes  
Swell big with grief, and pay their due excise :  
For here's a *Theam* would make him shed good store  
Of Tears, that never knew to weep before.

The Reverend *Wadsworth* lately dead ! What Eye  
But mourns the loss of so much Piety !

A loss indeed which ought for to produce,

A general grief in Men of any use ;

And such a loss, for which who will not spend

A Tear, 's not Learning, nor Religions Friend.

Come all his Reverend Brethren, mourn and weep,

Your Brother *Wadsworth* now is fallen asleep.

His serious Exhortation to a holy Life, Written not long after his entrance on the ministry. \* His Book intitled, the Immortality of the Soul. \* Of which he had fore Fits. \* He dyed on the Lords day.

And you his serious Hearers, now lament,  
That Preachers Death, whose life for you was spent.

Esteem it as a priviledg you have,

T' attend his precious Dust unto the Grave !

Then study well ( let that be all your strife )

*His Exhortation to a holy Life.*

Grief must Command your silence ; but impart

In silent Tears, the Language of your Heart :

By many Storms and Tempests now at last.

Our *Wadsworth* on a blessed shore is cast.

\* He's blest indeed unto Eternity,

That preacht and liv'd souls Immortality.

\* Of And having reach'd that Harbor of delight,

It argues that he steer'd his course aright :

Now no afflicting pains can him come near,

Nor needs he \* Stone or Collick for to fear ;

His heavenly Father who knows times best,

Call'd up his Soul on his own \* Day of rest.

Lament, O *Dead-mans-Place*, thy wretched case !

Thy Candlestick's remov'd out of its place :

Heaven has thought fit to give him a remove :

Thy shining light's a fixed Star above.

Thus ere we dry our big-swell'd Eyes for One,

Tidings surprises that anothers gone :

So Reverend *Wells*, and *Pledger's* snatcht away ;

They followed *Janeway*, and *Vennings* day :

*Carmichel* succeeds them, but not long

Ere that blest Soul was called up among

The uncloth'd Saints to sing the heavenly Song. }

And though he had an Elogy, I'll say,

He was a light that burned in his Day.

Methinks I hear them all o're-joyed to see,

Dear *Wadsworth* added to their Company :

Their company is sweet, Heaven thinks it best

To call such Saints to everlasting rest.

And you Star-gazing Tribe, should you be blest

To find a Star that's brighter than the rest,

'Tis pious *Wadsworth's* Soul, for all conclude,

He is a Star of the first Magnitude.

## EPI T A P H.

Reader, stand off, and thy due distance keep,  
For in this bed a Friend of Christ doth sleep !

His body here's interred, being Dead ;

But his blest Soul to Abraham's bosom's fled !

Heaven hath the Jewel, Earth doth keep in trust }

For a short time the Reverend *Wadsworth's* Dust,

Until the Resurrection of the Just.

*Secula vix referent quem tulit una dies.*